

WS.

breedrian home to the centre of life, as his huge form fell with a mighty crash upon the sandbed floor of the arena, amid the thundering acclamations of the popular race.

WALTER DAVIS' WIDOW

Makes a Statement to the Public—
Letter from Maria to Thompson
Made Public for the First Time
Dramatic & Surprising Acquittal Miss
Mackay.

NO. 46

O. 46.

Transcript will contain the following:

EDITOR TRANSCRIPT: Feeling that a serious battle, with the odds heavily in one side of the scale, was being fought, Harolds may yet retain enough interest in the matter to state the whole truth and urged by an uncontrollable desire to tell the public the plain facts, the transcript will relieve me of the burden of the stigma now resting on my name. I have prepared the following statement, which the accompanying letters, which the partially of the transcript will contain, will substantiate. I am, of course, not responsible for acquiring Philip Thompson, or at that time, trial, prevented the use of it, the trial

going? To the orphan-house!
 I can not! I will not! Oh,
 kneeling upon her knees, she sobbed
 her:
 spare me this and take me
 God, spare me this disgrace;
 rise higher and sweep through
 ice cold. How it mounded and
 The lips of thy husband are sealed by their
 fatal sulcs, those of the innocent wife
 could not be heard during the excitement
 and clamor preceding the acquittal.
 Without father, brother, or powerful friend
 to aid me in the terrible crisis that came
 unexpectedly, crushed to the very earth by
 the horrible shamefulness of the blow that
 widowed me and orphaned my darling
 children, is it any wonder that despond

ing like something human than im-
pugn to shake, but the knife
ever stirred. The thin shawl
from her shoulders unheeded,
turned over and drew his heavy
coat closely about him.

bold! Only one lamp remained
light; the other two had gone out
ull. I could hardly see, it was

He became quieter and ceased to talk. I grew drowsy, and kind of forgot the things after I had struck out. When some one entered the depot at night, I started up. It was not light I ever saw, and seemed to be full of glory. I could see nothing. He walked to the kneeling woman and placed his hands upon her shoulders. He looked at her and

up and turned herce wildly
heard him say:
in time, ma'am. Come!"
joy came over her face.
ly," she whispered.
me your pass, ma'am."
heard him a worn old look, which
from it read aloud:
to me all ye that labor and are
and I will give you rest."

...died away, and darkness fell
My hand touched the stroke
...awakened with a start and
...a lantern. The whistles sound-
...; the train was due. He
...corner and shook the old wo-

never needed. He gave one white set face, and, dropping fled.

Brain felt, the conductor all aboard,²⁴ but no one made a pray.

morning when the ticket agent found her frozen to death. They moved themselves, and the coroner.

not the verdict "popoplexy," in some way hushed up her out in the depot, and adherents, but no one came. Second day they hurried her, took on the sweet old face, lit mild so unearthly, I keep with when I think of the occurrence, I know she went out on the that never stopped at the poor

THE GLADIATOR. — Heigned in the vast amphitheatre, the counsellor host that thronged the inclosure, not a breath was of his tongue was mute with anxiety, every eye strained with anxiety

Thompson said that he should have this talk with Phil. He said that none of the family had treated him like they believed he was. That John had been in our store often, giving us voluntary advice about our business, and old Phil had treated him just the same as he always did; besides, he had heard that old Phil had said it was a damn lie, and that he (Walter) did not believe that that report had ever been said to him. Phil

"he cried, as his proud lip
 "to glut the savage eyes of
 "the populace. Aye, like a dog
 "to a feast; and what is my
 "why *fero-tu*, I am a *Christian*.
 "can not fight my soul, for it
 "on a humiliation stronger than
 "rack. Know ye, whose hearts
 "the bluey stone that my

The following statement of W. L. Wa'aters corroborates the above:

HANNOVER, May 21, 1893.—I had a conversation with Walter H. Davis on Thursday, April 26. During the conversation he expressed his innocence of the charges afterward made against him by F.

the enormous edifice to the very hat moment the door was thrown open, he came in with the same majestic manner of the forest glades, with one mighty bound, to the side of the arena. His eyes the brilliancy of fire, as he glowed length along the sand, and broke a spring upon his formidable trunk gladiator's ego quailed.

the lion crouched himself into a ball for springing, and with the flash of lightning leaped full at the gladiator. But he was prepared, and, bounding lightly to one side, heion flashed for a moment over the lion and in the next it was deeply dyed

the blood of the mourner. A rival
lure again resounded the ap-
peal, as the enraged animal,
quivering from the wound he had
died, wheeled hastily round, and
saw time at the Nazarene.
The falchion of the cool and
diastor dashed implied in the
terrible adversary; but so sud-

to avoid this outcome it was to the second full impetus of his staggered and fell upon his monster's paw was upon his head and he felt his hot, fiery breath on his face as it rushed through the animal's nostrils. The Nazarene thrust dagger from his girdle, and to regain his feet. But his foe, in design, precipitating himself

Another is Hon. "Cris" Davis, brother of Weller, who reviews some of the evidence given by him in court, and refers somewhat bitterly to what he was not allowed to testify.

across the bridge. Again Frank drank deep of the monster's again a roar of anguish reverberated the stately edifice. Frank, now watching his opponent with the velocity of thought in his embrace of his ensheathed and retaining his falcon, which to the ground in the struggle, he loosed the beast of his line.

The Boston Traveler (rep.) says the Kentucky democrats have straddled the tariff question. The Traveler has straddled the truth again.—[Don Padmag]

